

The Art of Drowning by Leah In The Sky With Duct Tape

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The Art of Drowning

Potsie stared out his window. It wasn't like he had a great view, in fact all he saw was the side of his neighbor's house from his second-story bedroom. But he wasn't really looking at anything, just staring and trying his best not to think. If he started to think, he started to feel, and emotion wasn't on his side lately.

So in order to avoid such a pesky thing as thought, he stared at the bricks on his neighbor's house. And it almost worked. The problem was, as soon as he got his mind good and blank, one little thought would worm itself into his mind without his consent.

He was in the process of emptying his head when he heard his name being shouted.

"WARREN!" It was his father. He subconsciously bit his lip. This could be bad...

"TELEPHONE!" Potsie relaxed. He hadn't heard the phone ring. Just a phone call. He wondered whether or not he should answer it, then decided, hey, if worse comes to worse he could always hang up. He reached for his phone and picked up the receiver.

"Yeah?" He said flatly.

"Potsie, it's me," Richie said.

"Oh. Hi Rich."

"Listen, Potsie. I've talked to Fonzie-"

Potsie hung up.

Even if it was his best friend calling, he didn't want to hear about Fonzie. At all. He'd just spent the better part of an hour trying not to think about him, and boom, his own best friend throws it in his face.

The phone rang, just as he knew it would. He also knew it was Richie, but he picked it up anyway. "Yeah." he answered.

"Potsie, don't do that! You need to hear this, okay? Trust me. Promise you won't hang up again?"

"No, but I'll try not to,"

A pause. "Okay, fine. Listen. I talked to Fonzie, and he feels bad for what he said earlier."

Potsie scoffed.

"No, really Potsie." Richie always believed everything Fonzie said, Potsie thought. Richie pressed on. "He was just upset, you know, with everything that happened with his bike, and then what you said just pushed him over the edge."

"Okay, whatever."

"Potsie! That's almost an apology! And you know Fonzie hates saying he's sorry."

"Well, maybe that's his problem, huh? Maybe he needs to get over himself. He's always been vain and self-centered, and I'm sick of it. I'm sick of him treating me like I'm subhuman, like I'm not up to his level. And his ego is inflated partially because people like you are always sucking up to him! Oh Fonzie, you're so cool! You're the best, Fonzie! I can always count on you, Fonzie! Just because I said what I really thought, all of a sudden I'm a lowlife? Fuck that, Richie."

Silence. "Potsie-" Richie started, stunned.

Potsie hung up once again. This time the phone didn't ring.

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Richie held the phone to his ear for a good thirty seconds after Potsie hung up. Then he hung up the phone and sighed. For the past month, Potsie had been a little quieter than normal, more short tempered. And this whole thing with Fonzie yesterday, that just made it worse. Potsie had become moody, prone to snap without apology. And the worst part about it, to Richie, was that he couldn't figure out how to help him.

Yesterday, the gang had been at Arnold's, talking like normal. Fonzie had walked up to them and joined in the conversation for a little, then changed the conversation to his bike, which had been hit by a guy in a truck on accident. It totaled the bike, and Fonzie had been obsessed with it since it happened.

Potsie had already been in a bad mood, and he snapped, "Hey, will you stop talking about your stupid bike? It's all you talk about anymore and I'm sick of hearing about it!"

Well, of course Fonzie didn't take that well.

He started shouting at Potsie, telling him off. He said that Potsie should just shut up, because

he was and always had been nothing but a nerd, asked who Potsie thought he was to talk like that, told him that he was sick of Potsie always butting in when he wasn't wanted, that he should just leave because no one liked him anyway, etc. Through it all, Potsie had just stared at Fonzie, no emotion detectable on his face. Everyone in Arnolds had shut up and listened to the entire thing.

It fell silent after Fonzie stopped yelling. Everyone was staring. After a moment, Potsie looked away from the Fonz, stood up and walked out. By the time Richie found his voice, Potsie was already at the door. Richie stood up, threw Fonzie a dirty look, and ran out after his friend.

Potsie didn't say a word, just walked toward his house. Richie tried to talk to him, but Potsie ignored him completely until Richie gave up and walked back to Arnold's to talk to Fonzie. When he got there, Fonzie was gone, but Ralph was still there, staring. Everyone was talking hurriedly about what had just happened.

Richie walked over to Ralph and asked him what happened. Ralph told him that he asked Fonzie just what the hell he did that for, and the Fonz had just walked out, saying only that Potsie deserved it.

Tracking down Fonzie wasn't hard. He was at the garage. That's when Richie had his talk with Fonzie, sticking up for Potsie, saying that it had been wrong of Fonzie to say those things. If it had been anyone else, Fonzie would have told him to beat it, but Richie had a way of talking to people so that they saw his side, too. He had a way with words. And that's what made Fonzie admit that he really hadn't meant what he'd said and that he knew that he shouldn't have done it.

Richie had been content with that, thinking that this whole matter was almost done with. He thought that he would just call Potsie and tell him what Fonzie had said, maybe even convince Fonzie to tell Potsie himself, and that everyone would live happily ever after. But he hadn't taken into account Potsie's change in personality as of late.

Richie now wondered just how much it had hurt Potsie. Sure, no one liked hearing people say bad things about them, but Potsie had also been hypersensitive lately. Richie laid down on his bed, feeling defeated and hurt. He felt like there must be something seriously wrong here, but he just couldn't figure it out.

Potsie felt bad about yelling at Richie, but he wasn't about to call him and tell him that. Fonzie just made him so angry. What right did he have, speaking to him that way? To tell him he was nothing? To make it seem like he, Potsie, was the one in the wrong for speaking his mind? Potsie gritted his teeth. At that moment, he would have liked nothing more than to sock Fonzie right in the face, but Fonzie wasn't there, so he lashed out and hit his lamp as hard as he could, smashing it against the wall.

The lamp shattered around Potsie's fist. Potsie sighed, regretting his action, then looked at his hand. It was bloody around his knuckles, but he felt no real pain, just relief. He blinked. Picking up a piece of the porcelain, he sliced into the inside of his hand. Instantly, he got the same feeling, the strange relieved feeling. The blood spilled out onto his palm a bit, and Potsie did it again, this time on the inside of his wrist. More blood, more relief.

Then on his wrist, not very deep, just deep enough to bleed a bit, and he smiled a little. This was an interesting development.

And then he did it again.

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The end.....of chapter one.

So... what do you think so far? I tried not to make Fonzie seem like a horrible guy, just that he lost his temper. And I think I have a plot etched out... I'll just have to type it as it comes to me. Hope you like it.

Review and I'll give you a cookie.

-leah-